A COLLECTION OF Several Curious PIECES Lately Inſerted in the DAILY JOURNAL.

CONTAINING,

I. OBSERVATIONS on ſome of the Articles that have been publiſhed ſeveral Times in the *News-Papers*, for the Encouragement of *Voluntier Sailors*.

II. The LETTER to the Author of the *Daily Journal* of *March* 18. ſigned PHILO-MAURI, relating to the third Volume of Mr. *POPE*'s *Miſcellanies*.

III. The LETTER of *Friday March* 29. with Animadverſions on Mr. *POPE*'s Project of erecting a *Council of Six*; togegether with the Character of THERSITES in his Tranſlation of *Homer*.

IV. On the ſame Subject, animadverting on POPE AND COMPANY for the Licences taken by that *Partnerſhip* both on the *Living* and *Dead* MODERNS.

V. The MONKEY: Being the excellent Letter of *April* 9. of a *Tenth Species* of *Profundity*, omitted, through Baſhfulneſs, by the DOCTOR. With the much admired SATIRE, intitled, *The Devil's Laſt Game*.

VI. The *Twickenham* AUCTION: or, An Hypercritical Collection of Beauties ſcatter'd up and down the *Rape of the Lock*, *Windſor Foreſt*, and other celebrated Pieces of a certain inexorable *Critic*.

VII. A Copy of VERSES, ſaid to be omitted, by Accident, in the laſt *New Miſcellany*.

VIII. The LETTER from the Honeſt SAILOR of *Woolwich*, in Relation to the Debate now depending about Encouraging that Brave and Uſeful Body of Men, the SAILORS of *Great Britain*.

IX. The COMPETITION: Or, RIVAL OPERA's. A SONG. With the Notes prefix'd.

X. A RECEIPT for a *Running-Fruſh*, in the Foot of a Horſe. In a Letter to a Friend.

XI. The LIST of the ROYAL NAVY of *Great Britain*, as inſerted in the *Daily Journal* of *April* 8. With ſome *neceſſary Alterations*, occaſion'd by the Arrival of Part of Sir CHARLES WAGER's Squadron from the Coaſts of *Spain*, &c.

Collected and Republiſhed on Occaſion of the great Demand made for the reſpective Papers *in which they were originally inſerted, and which are now no where elſe to be met with.*

LONDON,

Printed for T. WARNER, at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*; J. JACKSON, near *St. James's*; N. BLANDFORD, at *Charing-Croſs*; and H. WHITRIDGE, at the *Royal-Exchange*. 1728.

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A

COLLECTION

OF SEVERAL

Curious Pieces

Lately INSERTED in

The Daily Journal.

NUMBER I.

From the Daily Journal, Thurſday March 14. 1728.

OBSERVATIONS on ſome of the ARTICLES *that have been publiſhed ſeveral times in the News-Papers, for the Encouraging of* Voluntier Sailors.

THESE Articles promiſe Conduct-Money, two Months advanced Pay, an Augmentation of Wages, and that out of every ſix Months two Months ſhall be given to Voluntiers; but there is no Proviſion made for the Payment of the four remaining Months.

Q. *Whether the Sailors receiving of two Months Wages, at* 11. 5s. 6d. per *Month, and to truſt Years, if ever they have the Remainder, be a greater Encouragement to them than the punctual Payment of ſix Months Wages at* 11. 2s. 6d. per *Month?*

In the 9th Article, by enforcing the Act of the 13th of *Charles* II. Deſertion is made Death; ſo that if a Voluntier ſhould liſt on the foregoing Promiſes, and that afterwards thoſe Promiſes ſhould not be perform'd, the Man muſt ſtill remain in the Service: For if he attempts to deſert, his Fate is Death.

The Condition of a preſs'd Man, by theſe Articles, is very terrible. By the 6th he is not to be advanc'd; by the 5th he is liable to be turn'd over, and kept in Service for ever; by the 2d he is to be rated at leſs Pay than the Voluntier, and no Proviſion made for his ever receiving any Part of it.

Some think that Sailors, to avoid the miſerable Condition they will be in if they are preſs'd, will enter voluntarily. But others, from Experience, judge, that to be exempted at once from all theſe Hardſhips, the able Sailor will abandon

his Country, and transport himself and Family into a Place where he may be for ever free from the Terror of a Press.

The Composer of the Articles seems to be aware of this; and, by the 16th, invites Foreigners to become *Englishmen*: It is to be hoped that they will worthily supply the Places of such *English*-born Seamen, as may, on the Execution of these Articles, forsake their native Country.

It is therefore submitted how much the Nation will be Gainer, by changing their *British* Seamen for foreign Vagrants, who, by Proclamation from their own Country, may be called from us, to return Home at any Time, and then leave us when they are most wanted.

There are many other material Objections to these Articles, which are left to a more particular Explanation, in hopes they are not intended to be put in Execution as they stand, but to be very much alter'd and amended, so as to be made of real Encouragement to the *English* Seamen, that they may be ready and willing to man the Royal Navy themselves; which is the only means to preserve the Dominion of the Sea, and to improve the Trade and Navigation of *Great Britain* against all Competitors.

NUMB. II.

From the Daily Journal *of* Monday, March 18. 1728.

To the Author of the Daily Journal.

SIR,

UPON reading the third Volume of *Pope*'s Miscellanies, I found five Lines, which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them afterwards in a mix'd Company, a Gentleman present immediately produced a modern Comedy, published last Year, where were the same Verses, almost to a Tittle. I was a good deal out of Countenance, to find I had been so eloquent in Praise of a Felony, and not a little in Pain lest I myself should be understood to be an Accomplice. The Lines are these; the Subject a Coquette.

A *Youth* of *Frolicks*, and *Old Age* of *Cards*;
Fair to *no Purpose*, *artful* to *no End*;
Young without *Lovers*; *old* without a *Friend*:
A *Fop* their *Passion*, but their *Prize*, a *Sot*;
Alive, ridiculous; and *dead*, forgot!

But my Confusion was vastly aggravated, when the same Gentleman, pursuing his Triumph, turn'd me to the Discourse at the Head of the third Volume, where the Author of these admirable Lines is ingeniously liken'd to a Frog, in Poetry: *One that can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to Admiration; that lives generally in the Bottom of a Ditch, and makes a great Noise whenever he thrusts his Head above Water*; and is placed in this Class between Mr. *Edward Ward* and Mr. *Thomas Durfey*.

If every Man who is, with equal Dulness, abus'd in that Piece, had contributed an equal Proportion to the Miscellany, instead of its being resented as a Fraud on the Publick, it might have prov'd an agreeable Amusement. But these Gentlemen are resolv'd to be Originals in some kind or other, and are undoubtedly the first Plagiaries that pretended to make a Reputation, by stealing from a Man's Works in his own Life-time, and out of the publick Print. In their manner of treating him, they resemble our ordinary Foot-pads, who never rifle a Man without abusing him, as tho' they meant to make out their Title to his Money, by proving to him, that he was not worthy of it.

I am, SIR,

Your most Humble Servant,

PHILO-MAURI.

NUMB.

NUMB. III.

From the Daily Journal *of* Friday, March 29. 1728.

To the Author of the Daily Journal.

SIR,

LOOKING over the Diſcourſe prefix'd to the third Volume of *Miſcellanies* lately publiſhed, I obſerv'd it to conclude with an ironical Project for the Advancement of the Stage. After the ingenious Authors have, with a good deal of labour'd Dulneſs, deſcribed a ridiculous Society, governed by a Board of ſix ſuper-annuated Critics, who are to meet in a *privileged Place, for fear of Arreſts*; who are to be provided, at the *publick Expence, with Diet-Drink, Spitting-Pots, and all other Neceſſaries of Life*: In order to be very ſmart at the End, they throw in the following Paragraph.

"If ſome of the Articles may at firſt View "ſeem liable to Objections, particularly thoſe "that give ſo vaſt a Power to the *Council of Six*, "(which is indeed larger than any intruſted to "the great Officers of the State): This may be "obviated, by ſwearing thoſe *Six* Perſons of his "Majeſty's *Privy-Council*, and obliging them to "paſs every thing of Moment *previouſly*, at that "moſt Honourable Board."

What ſhould be the Thoughts of the Publick upon this Occaſion, I won't pretend to dictate; but I remember *Homer*, whoſe Works one of theſe Gentlemen has *undertaken to Do into Engliſh*, when he deſcribes *Therſites* (a Man much inclined to rail at All, but moſt at his Betters) ſcurrilouſly reflecting on the Wiſdom of the *Grecian Councils*, he at the ſame time thinks it not beneath the Gravity of *Ulyſſes* to reprehend his Inſolence. *Uyſſes*, the greateſt Stateſman among the *Greeks*, riſes with Indignation at his Behaviour, gives him immediate Chaſtiſement, and threatens, if he takes any more of ſuch Liberties,

To ſend him ſcourg'd, *and howling, thro' the Fleet,*

as Mr. *Pope* has, with great Propriety and Happineſs, expreſſed it.

It muſt be own'd indeed, that *Therſites* deſerved this Treatment; if the Picture of him in the *Iliad* be juſt, no Puniſhment was too ſcandalous or ſevere for him. But I hope there is no ſuch Monſter now living, as Mr. *Pope* has drawn in the following Lines:

Aw'd by no Shame, by no Reſpect controul'd;
In Scandal buſy, in Reproaches bold;
With witty Malice, ſtudious to defame;
Scorn all his Joy, and Laughter all his Aim.
But chief he glory'd with licentious Style,
To laſh the Great, and Monarchs to revile.
His Figure ſuch as might his Soul proclaim;
One Eye was blinking, and one Leg was lame:
His Mountain Shoulders half his Breaſt o'erſpread,
Thin Hairs beſtrew'd his long miſ-ſhapen Head:
Spleen to Mankind his envious Heart poſſeſt,
And much he hated All, but moſt the Beſt.

I am Yours, *&c.*

NUMB. IV.

From the Daily Journal *of* Wedneſday, April 3. 1728.

To the Author of the Daily Journal.

SIR,

I Have by Accident ſeen in an obſcure Paper, ſomething intended as a Vindication of a certain Paſſage in a Miſcellany, lately publiſhed by *Pope and Company*, which I could wiſh were made more publick, by being transferred into yours; for I can ſee no Reaſon why the Company ſhould be more aſham'd of their Defence, than they were of their Crime.

Theſe Gentlemen attempt to perſuade us, that ſometimes a Parcel of Letters together, are to be received as the initial ones of *Sur-Names* only; then again the firſt Letter is to be conſtrued the Initial one of the *Chriſtian-Name*, and the ſecond of the *Sur-Name*; by the Uſe of which they may either make their Court to their Bookſeller, by a new Edition, or level their Satire at any

freſh

freſh Author, who ſhall dare to offend them. Now, Sir, it happens to be exactly the ſame Thing to me, whether *A. P.* ſignifies *A. Pope*, or *A. Philips*, either in regard to the ſaid Letters, or their Author's Fame as Writers.

I ſhall therefore wave this and other little Subtleties, not unworthy the Reporters of the Caſe of *Stradlyng* and *Stiles*, and obſerve, that the Piece which the Company ſeems to have been in ſo much Pain about, *viz. The Memoirs of a Pariſh-Clerk*, was a very dull and unjuſt Abuſe of an excellent Perſon, who wrote in Defence of our Religion and Conſtitution, and who has been dead many Years. Theſe *Memoirs*, when they were firſt handed about in Manuſcript, gave ſo general an Offence, that ſo far from any Fear of their being robb'd of them, it was generally expected that a certain Led Poet, maintained by the *Company* for that Purpoſe, would be order'd to *own* them.

The other admirable Piece, as the Gentlemen are pleaſed to think it, call'd, *An Hiſtorico-phyſical Account of the S. Sea*, was a Work of the ſame Merit: It was generally thought, by all who had the Honour of the *Company*'s Confidence, to be worth no more than ſo much blotted Paper, and and as improper to be printed, as their familiar Letters, or the *Traveſtie* of the *Firſt Pſalm*. It is no Wonder, therefore, if a Trifle of this Nature was treated with no more Regard than was due to it, and thrown careleſsly up and down till it was loſt. But whether ſuch an Accident can be called an intended Plagiariſm, or whether theirs can be called an accidental one, in publickly taking to themſelves an *Epigram* of the late Mr. *Rowe*'s, ſingly upon the Merit of putting one low and fooliſh Word into the Title of that *Epigram*, muſt be determined by the Publick. Thus, Sir, between what theſe Gentleman Own, and do not think fit to Write, and what they Write, and do not think fit to Own, the Town has more Trouble than the Queſtion is worth.

The Gentleman who wrote the Letters ſign'd *Philalethes*, having but little *Greek* to ſpare, it would be unjuſt to rob him of any of it; I will therefore ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Yours,

PHILO-DITTO.

NUMB. V.

From the Daily Journal *of* Tueſday, April 9. 1728.

To the Author of the DAILY JOURNAL.

SIR,

SINCE the *Art of Sinking, in Poetry*, however faſhionable, as to the *Practice*, was never ſo *phyſically*, reduc'd into *Theory*, as in a late notable Performance, It is Pity, the Fame of a Merit ſo extraordinary, ſhou'd be divided, between *Two Authors:* I am, therefore, for *giving the* DOCTOR *his Due*; whoſe remarkable Humility has prevented his adding *another Species*, to his *Nine* Diſtinctions of *Profundity*.

His *Flying-Fiſh*, *Swallow*, *Oſtridge*, *Parrot*, *Didapper*, *Porpoiſe*, *Frog*, *Eel*, and *Tortiſe*, are admirable Originals, in their Kind; But I cannot forgive his *Modeſty*, for omitting the MONKEY.—The Doctor's Right, to *One in Ten*, is what no *Orthodox Muſe* will deny him: So, I hope, in his next Edition, we ſhall ſee the Rear of his *Catalogue* brought up by the following Paragraph.

" 10th, The Sum of *all* Theſe, in *One*, is the *Monkey*:—
" Of a Genius, ſo *ſociai*, that, tho' It is the *buſieſt*
" *little Animal in Nature*, It does nothing, but in
" *Mimickry* of others.—This is a light, and lively, Spe-
" cies;—They neither *fly*, *walk*, nor *crawl*; only *skip*,
" from Poſture to Poſture, ſometimes on *two* Legs,
" like a *Man*, but oft'ner on *four*, like a *Beaſt*.—They
" are *active*, without *Purpoſe*, and *merry*, without *Joy*;
" Ever, *chattering*, *making Mouths*, *biting*, *ſcratching*,
" and *doing Miſchief:* But, are, generally, *chain'd ſhort*,
" for the *Diverſion* of their *Feeders*; and *ſmil'd at*, and
" *paſs'd by*, by Every Body elſe, who comes near them.

At the Cloſe of This Paragraph, if his *known Baſhfulneſs* cou'd be prevail'd on to avow the Claim of His *particular* Merit, He wou'd write J. S. in Capital Letters.—It is true, He wou'd *ſtand alone:* But the World will be far from wondering, they find Nobody in *Rank with* him.

For my Part, Ambitious of a Place in His *Miſcellany*, I moſt humbly preſent what follows, for the Honour of his Approbation.

The DEVIL's LAST GAME:

A *SATIRE*.

SAID *Old Nick*, to *St. Michael*, You uſe me but ill,
To ſuppreſs all my *Force*, and reſtrain all my *Skill*:
Let me *looſe* at *Religion*, I'll ſhew my *Good Parts*,
And try, if your *Doctrine* can balance my *Arts*.
'Tis a Match, cry'd the Angel,—and drew off his Guard,
And the Devil ſlipt from him, to play a *Coat* Card.

The

The first Help he sought, was a *qualified* Mind,
That had *Compass*, and *Void*, for the Use he design'd.
There occurr'd a *Pert Nothing*, a Stick of *Church Timber*,
Who had *Stiffness* of *Will*, but his *Morals* were *limber*:
To whom *Wit* serv'd for *Reason*, and *Passion* for *Zeal*;
Who had *Teeth* like a Viper, and *Tail*, like an *Eel*.
Whose Distaste was *sincere*, and whose Friendship *Pretence*,
Who supply'd Want of *Merit*, by Store of *fine Sense*.
Wore the Malice of Hell, with a *Heavenly Grace*,
Of Humour enchanting, and Easy of Face:
His Tongue flow'd with Honey, His Eyes flash'd Delight;
He despis'd what was *wrong*, and abus'd what was *right*:
Had a Knack to *laugh luckily*, never *thought twice*,
And, with *Coarseness* of *Heart*, had a *Taste*, that was *nice*.
Nature form'd him malignant, but, *whetting* him fast,
He was *edg'd* for *Decay*, and too *brittle* to *last*.
He wou'd quarrel with *Vertue*, because 'twas his *Foe's*,
And was hardly a *Friend* to the *Vice*, which he *chose*:
He cou'd love nothing, *grave*, nothing, *pleasant*, forbear;
He was always *in Jest*, but was *most* so, *in Prayer*.

Lord be prais'd, quoth the *Devil!*—A Fig for all *Grace!*
So, He breath'd a new *Brogue*, o'er the *Bronze* of his *Face:*
Lent him *Pride*, above *Hope*, and *Conceit above Spleen*,
Slipt him into *Church-Service*, and call'd him a DEAN.

NUMB. VI.

From the Daily Journal *of* Friday, April 5. 1718.

Notice is hereby given,

To all Lovers of Art and Ingenuity,

THAT the following Collection of such uncommon Curiosities as never were yet exhibited in any publick AUCTION, belonging to a noted Person at *Twickenham*, who has been long since advised to leave off his Business, may be view'd there any Day in the Month of *April* Instant.

Qui non credit Hodie, Cras credat. *Ex Auto. T. R.*

1. A Curling Spire — — *freely toucht*
2. A Frighted Sky — — *Copy from the Great* Blackmore
3. A Silver Sound — — *harmoniously sketch'd*
4. An awkward Grace — — *after the Manner of* Settle
5. An ambrosial Curl — — *Entire*
6. A nectar'd Urn — — *Historical*
7. Adamantine Lungs — — *as good as New*
8. A Vermilion Prore — — *Dutch*
9. A many-colour'd Maid — *Flemish*
10. A Triple Dog — — *The Romish School*
11. A singing Spear — — *A Copy from* Blackmore
12. A quivering Shade — — *somewhat shook in stretching*
13. A dancing Cork — — — *with great Spirit*
14. A sequestred Scene — — *Still Life*
15. A Velvet Plain — — *after* Brughell
16. An Oozy Bed — — — *Water Colours*
17. A Liquid Road — — — *perfectly New*
18. A Branching Deer — — *Capital*
19. A Feather'd Fate — } *These two go together*
20. A Leaden Death — — }
21. A Pensive Steed — — — *An undoubted Original*
22. A winged Wonder — — — *from the Dutch* Gabriel
23. A living Cloud — — — — *after the Life*
24. A Brown Horror — — } *both very Capital*
25. A blue Languish — — }
26. A Self-mov'd Tripod. — *after the Blacksmith of* Antwerp

N. B. The Gentleman's NURSE, who us'd to show the above-mention'd Collection, being lately deceas'd, Attendance will be given only in a Morning.

NUMB. VII.

From the Daily Journal *of* Tuesday, April 16. 1728.

A Copy of Verses, said to be omitted, by Accident, in the Last New Miscellany.

AT a Court, that was call'd, t'other Day, in the Air,
By the good *Guardian Angel*, who holds us in Care,
The *Genius of Mischief*, in sullen Disdain,
Made his Honours, and frown'd, and took Leave to *com-*
[plain.

Is it *thus*, said the *Damon*, You, *heav'nly* Blades,
Keep your Word, with us, *Envoys*, L--H--p's of the *Shades?*
Vow'd you not, in Revenge for the Sins of this Land,
To allow us free Licence, and hold back your Hand?
Yet, unmindful of *Us*, or the Promise we claim,
See us frighted to *Farys*, at one *little Name!*
See the *Graces*, and *Muses*, and *Virtues*, combin'd,
To unite *Beauty*, *Wisdom*, and *Force*, in one Mind;
Nay, in Hate of our Leader, resolv'd, not to cease,
Till you raise us a Foe, that can charm *Hell* to *Peace*,
You, to make him more dreadful, and widen his Scope,
Give him *musical Magick*, and christen him *Pope*.
All alarm'd, at his Verse, we have Right to *complain*,
Lest *England* shou'd, soon, be *Old England*, again.
There's *Attraction*, you know, in a *Poet*, like *This*,
That can tempt the whole World into *Virtue*, like *His*.

Never fear, cry'd the Angel,—my Promise once given,
You are safe, for *this Time*, from the Outguards of Heaven;
Pope is *gelt*, in his Youth, for his Countrymen's Crimes,
And his Lustre dim'd down, to the *Dusk* of the Times:
God sent *Pain*, and *Impertinence*, Wit to controul,
Gave the *Devil* his Body, and bid *Swift* take his Soul.

NUMB. VIII.

From the Daily Journal *of* Tuesday, April 29. 1728.

Woolwich, March 26.

To the Author of the DAILY JOURNAL.

SIR,

OVER a swinging Bowl of good stiff Rum Punch, we were setling the Nation; that is, Master, the Sea-Nation: for we Seamen are your Walls, and your Bullies, and Hectors, and best Soldiers; we bring you Riches, and we keep a good Look-out that you don't lose it again; and so we are the best Part of the Nation, and you ought to mind us, and pay us, and maintain us in Peace and War, in Youth and Age, in Sickness and Health: Not that we be married to you; therefore if you don't, we can leave you, do-you-see. Now, Sir, one of the Gunner's Mates, who reads well, bought a Book Yesterday, when he was at *London* in the Pinnace, and brought it aboard; and the same is intitled, *Ways and Means whereby His Majesty's Navy may be mann'd with Ten Thousand able Sailors, with less Expence than at present.* We were resolv'd, as I told you before, to settle the Nation; that is, to take Care of Ourselves; and so one and all was the Word to read it; and the Reason was, we open'd it by Chance in Page 22, where it says, We Sailors "*are your* "*Protectors, and that it is an Act of Justice and* "*Gratitude to provide for us.*" Now this is the Business which all this *Parlaver* is about, because they say when the War is at an End, we shall be turn'd adrift, and must go serve the Pope, and the Spaniard, and the Turk, and the Czar, and the Devil too; for some hulking Fellows will lie by the Walls at Home, and turn Sharks, and rob upon the Highway, and be hang'd; and this is a Grievance which must be settled. Now Mr. *Ways*-and-*Means* seems to us to have found *Ways* and *Means* to remedy this, and so we agreed one and all, That the Gentleman who wrote it was a great Schollard, and a Sailor's Friend, and so we drank his Health: We lik'd his employing 5000 of us to make half the Complement of in Coasters, and in short Voyages to *France* and *Holland*, and *Norway*, and the like: and I don't know whether the Board will like it or no; but the Gentleman is in the Right, and they may employ t'other 5000 of us, as he says, in the Yards, in Ships which lie up, and in Guard-ships, and change us every Year, and then you will have 10,000 Jolly, Stout, Brisk, Fellows as ever stood 'twixt Stem and Stern, always ready to bully and fight for you; all *Able* on the Ship's Books, who can *Hand*, and *Reef*, and *Steer*; and you may soon get 3 or 4000 lusty Land-lubbers to throw the Water out of the Long-Boat, as the Saying is; and then you may in a few Days, according to this Gentleman, fit out a Fleet that will face all the World. He tells us, Page 19. there will be no Want of Press-Gangs, and Press-Smacks; and we consider'd this, and with profound Judgment agreed it to be true, and were so pleased with his starving these logy, fresh-water Pyrates, that one and all again, huzza, the Gentleman's Health; and here will be a great deal of the King's Money saved too, and according to this Project, you will have few of us to pay extraordinary: for one half of us will get our Livings on Board Merchant Ships, in Voyages near Home, and you may find Occasion for the other half in the King's Yards, and in Ships lying up, and Guardships; and let the King, not the Merchants, but the King, establish a Herring Fishery; (What have the Dutch to do on our Coasts?) and let the Merchants borrow out of it if they want Men: Mr. *Ways*-and-*Means* tells you how, Page 28. Just as we were going to finish our Bowl quietly, in comes an honest Lad, in a deadly Passion, swearing and cursing, with a Paper, containing 23 Articles, and also the * *Daily Journal* of *Thursday, March* 14. So finding Business increase, we gave ourselves Commissions, and made a Board of *Admirability*; and I, Sir, once a Blue-Coat-Boy, was made Secretary, and, Sir, if I write Treason I can't help it, for they stand over me with a Cutlass, and threaten me, and sign their Names in a Ring with a round Robin, and no body knows who wrote first, but *one and all*, was the Word, *none of the 9th Article* — no Death for *Desertion*. — nor none of the *6th*, which hinders us from Preferment; for we all hope to be Captains, and Admirals: But, Sir, here is one Thing which made us all stark staring mad, to be taken for Fools; why some of us can cast Account, and do you think we are to be f—— out of our Pay, and be bambousled, by pretending to raise our Wages 3 *s.* a Month, and pay us but two Months for a Year? No, no, as I told you before, we are not married to ye, and we will have a quiet, *honest* Living, if we turn *Pirates*. We can live in Wind and Weather; the Sea is wide, and every Man's Destiny is fix'd; *He that is born to be*

* Vide Numb. I. in this Collection.

hang'd

hang'd, will never be drown'd, in Spite of Fate; and do you think that we, who will fight for Pay, and run the Hazard of drowning for Pay; and that we won't run the Hazard of hanging for Pay, and for Liberty? And this, Sir, is all I could underſtand to be the Meaning of 20 Speakers at one Time, in Paſſion and Swearing; but after I had wrote their Minds, and they grew quieter, they bad me give the Author of the *Daily Journal* Thanks, and double and double Thanks to Mr. *Ways*-and-*Means*; and ſo we fell ſoberly to drinking ſeven Go-downs to his Health; but firſt they reſolv'd to ſee this ſeal'd up, and ſent away to you in a Hurry, and you muſt do what you will with it; and if it is not well wrote, I can't help it.

NUMB. IX.

From the Daily Journal *of* Wedneſday, April 10. 1728.

The COMPETITION: *Or, Rival* OPERA's.

To the Tune of, *A Soldier and a Sailor*, &c.



I.

TWO * Nymphs, the moſt renown'd, Sir,
For Voice and Skill profound, Sir,
Late ſought with Rival Pains, Sir,
And moſt melodious Strains, Sir,
The foremoſt Seat of Fame.
Apollo both befriending,
From *Helicon* deſcending,
Thought this the only Time, Sir,
To try the Taſte Sublime, Sir,
Which *Britain*'s Courtiers claim.

II.

The God, wrapt in a Cloud, Sir,
O'erlook'd the Judging Croud, Sir;
Her Right each Warbler vaunting,
Their Accents ſo enchanting,
The God, divided, charm.
While each wiſe Academic,
With Inſtruments Polemic,
His Want of Skill to ſmother,
Damns one, to raiſe the other,
As Caprice gives th' Alarm.

III.

The God incens'd to Fury,
At ſuch a Rabble-Jury,
Swore *Britain*'s St—rs and G—ters,
Not fit to judge 'tween Carters,
While whiſtling for a Ring.
And ſuch to prove their Taſte, Sir,
Diſpatch'd an Imp in Haſte, Sir,
Who dreſs'd up Mimick Folly,
Calling the Phantom POLLY,
And ſet the Minx to ſing.

IV.

The Wanton tun'd her Voice, Sir;
Such vulgar Strains her Choice, Sir,
As erſt blind Bards did labour,
On Bagpipes, Fife and Tabor,
At Country Fair or Wake.
The Judges ceaſe their Squall, Sir,
Let Party-Fury fall, Sir;
While each enamour'd Ninny,
Declar'd, with Buſs and Guinea,
She'd won the Rival Stake.

V.

Enrag'd at ſuch Abuſes,
(Diſgracing all the Muſes,)
The Rival Nymphs appeal'd, Sir:
The God himſelf reveal'd, Sir,
To judge th' affrighted P—rs:
The Conteſt, like his own, Sir,
With *Pan* for Lawrel-Crown, Sir,
He wiſely did decide, as
Once on his own Judge *Midas*,
And ſtretch'd their L--d---p's Ears.

* FAUSTINA and CUZZONI.

NUMB.

NUMB. X.

From the Daily Journal *of* Saturday, April 13. 1728.

A Receipt for a Running Frush *in the Foot of an Horse. In a Letter to a Friend.*

RAISE veiny Marble from its Bed below
Calcine it white, as *Hyperborean Snow*;
Of limpid Water from the Fountain pour,
Upon the chalky Stone, a plenteous Show'r,
The ſubtil Stream will ev'ry Part explore,
And wake the ſleeping Fire in every Pore;
The Maſs ferments, tumultuous Vapours riſe,
And, with their noxious Steam, infeſt the Skies:
So Love declin'd, by *Cœlia*'s Art returns,
She Coldneſs feigns, afreſh *Amyntor* burns.
Not long the Strife, for Peace will ſoon enſue,
And ſhew a Milky Fluid to the View;
Juſt ſuch as flows thro' *Mopſa*'s Hands, it ſeems,
Preſs'd from the Udder in alternate Streams;
While ſhe, melodious, ſooths her Love-ſick Pains,
And *Colly*, breathing fragrant, hears her Strains.
Apply this Menſtruum boiling from the Fire,
Heat will add Force, and raiſe its Actions higher.

But firſt, with curious Eye, the Cleft diſcloſe,
Where, thro' the Hoof, the briny Humour flows;
Near to the Quick, the horny Surface pare,
And clip, with Sciſſars keen, the ambient Hair;
But oh! be cautious, leſt too near you go;
Humours, inflam'd, to recent Wounds will flow.
Your Care be next to find the acid Juice,
The Gift of *Bacchus*, and the *Rhine*'s Produce,
By Age transform'd, and ſharpn'd by Decay;
Wine ſours like Beauty, as it dies away.
Mark! as the cackling Hen, with clam'rous Note,
Runs wild Diviſions in her artleſs Throat,
To warn her ſprightly Mate, that Love returns,
And that, her Pain new-eas'd, anew ſhe burns;
With fooliſh Craft, her mazy Step conceals
The new-laid Treaſure, which her Tongue reveals:
Then ſearch the Hay-loft round, with careful Eyes,
And from the Neſt, relentleſs, bear the Prize;
Inſtructed be your Hand to ſever well,
The ropy Fluid next the pearly Shell.
Blend both Ingredients in a Marble Vaſe,
Till ev'ry Part ſhall ev'ry Part embrace;
Fear not leſt ſharp and ſmooth ſhou'd ill combine,
For ſharp and ſmooth, we ſee, for Life may join.

Add ſable Soot, of rank ſulphureous Smell,
Nor ſpare the lab'ring Arm, to mix it well;
Form'd of aſpiring Smoke, and prone to riſe,
'Twill ſeek the Surface, and your Toil deſpiſe;
But urge it briskly round, 'twill yield at length;
Patience oft conquers what's deny'd to Strength.

An unctuous Maſs will ſoon ariſe to View,
Of ſovereign Virtue, but infernal Hue;
A Charge the Farriers call it —— vulgar Name!
The Learn'd *an Unguent*, tho' the Thing's the ſame;
And Reaſon good, for Sounds muſt be confeſt
To work like Magick both on Man and Beaſt:
In *Philip*'s Son, *Timotheus* could inſpire,
Or Love, or Hatred, as he touch'd his Lyre:
The Venom of th' *Apulian* **Spider*'s Wounds
Tranſpires at ev'ry Pore, by choſen Sounds;
Sounds can aſſwage and ſooth the fiery Steed;
To Sounds the ſickning Miſer's Purſe will bleed;
Then ceaſe *Apollo*'s skilful Sons to blame,
For giving trivial Things a pompous Name.
Let *Phœbus* thrice reſtore the Golden Day,
And *Phœbe* thrice her Silver Orb diſplay,
(O'er Watry Humours is her Monthly Reign,
With her they ſwell, with her they ſhrink again)
Count from the Point her Phaſe repleniſh'd, wains,
And on her Rim th' encroaching Shadow gains;
Be this the Time allow'd your Charge, to ſound
And ſearch the Bottom of the weeping Wound:
Behold! three various Pow'rs their Forces join,
The Sharp, the Unctuous, Spongy, all combine,
To check the briny Flux, to dry, to cloſe
The ſpewy Mouths by which the Humour flows.
One Labour more: Intruding Filth to bar,
Lay round an Out-work of adheſive Tar;
The Work is done, the Cure will ſtand confeſt,
† *Gibſon* and *Snape* will add —— *Probatum eſt.*

POSTSCRIPT.

One Rule eſcap'd me, *viz.* Your Tar apply'd,
Lap round theſe Verſes with Red Fillet ty'd,
Invert each Letter firſt, to raiſe a Charm,
It may; do good —— at leaſt 'twill do no Harm.

* The *Tarantula* is found in *Calabria* and *Apulia*, whoſe Bite is only cured by Muſick.

† Two Authors in Farriery.

A LIST

A LIST of the ROYAL NAVY, *with their preſent Stations, or Harbours where laid up, their reſpective Rates, Burden, Men, Guns, and preſent Commanders.*

FIRST RATES.

Ships Names.	*Tons.*	*Commanders Names.*	*Station or Harbour.*
Royal Anne	1868		Rebuilding at *Chatham*
Britannia	1894		
Royal George	1801	Each 780 Men, and 100 Guns when in Commiſſion	*Chatham*
London	1711		
Royal Sovereign	1882		Rebuilding at *Ditto*
Victory	1869		Ditto at *Portſmouth*
RoyalWilliam	1980		*Portſmouth*

SECOND RATES.

Barfleur	1565		*Chatham*
Blenheim	1567		*Portſmouth*
St. George	1567		
Prince George	1586		*Chatham*
Marlborough	1567		Rebuilding at *Ditto*
Namur	1567	Each 680 Men, and 90 Guns.	Ditto at *Deptford*
Neptune	1567		Ditto at *Woolwich*
Prince	1482		*Chatham*
Princeſs	1570		
Ramillies	1396		*Portſmouth*
Sandwich	1573		*Chatham*
Vanguard	1551		*Portſmouth*
Union	1578		*Chatham*

THIRD RATES.

Ships Names.	*Tons.*	*Commanders Names.*	*Station or Harbours.*
Boyne	1301		*Portſmouth*
Berwick	1147	George Gordon	*Weſt-Indies*
Bedford	1073		*Portſmouth*
Bredah	1094	Edward St. Lo	*Weſt-Indies*
Buckingham, reſerved for a Hulk, and another 3d Rate to be built in her Room			
Burford	1147	Hon. Charles Stewart	Coaſt of *Spain*
Captain	1131		*Portſmouth*
Cumberland	1308		*Chatham*
Cornwall	1350		
Chicheſter	1278		
Cambridge	1286		
Devonſhire	1304		
Dorſetſhire	1283		*Portſmouth*
Elizabeth	1104		*Chatham*
Eſſex	1090		
Edinburgh	1119		
Prince Frederick	1111	Edward Falkingham	*Portſmouth*
Grafton	1133	Peter Warrin	Coaſt of *Spain*
Hampton-Court	1137		*Chatham*
Humber	1353		*Portſmouth*
Ipſwich	1128		
Kent	1130		
Lancaſter	1366		
Lenox	1128	Digby Dent	*Weſt-Indies*
Monmouth	1115	John Balchen	*Portſmouth*
Norfolk	1350		Rebuilding at *Plymouth*
Naſſau	1104		*Chatham*
Newark	1283		
Northumberland	1133		
Royal Oak	1106	Thomas Jacobs	Coaſt of *Spain*
Orford	1098	Charles Browne	
Ruſſel	1350		*Chatham*
Ranelagh	1350		Rebuilding at *Woolwich*
Revenge	1104	Conningsby Norbury	Coaſt of *Spain*
Suffolk	1129	John Cockburn	
Shrewsbury	1314		*Portſmouth*
Sterling-Caſtle	1138	Nicholas Eaton	*Nore*
Torbay	1296	Capt. Nich. Haddock	
Yarmouth	1113		*Portſmouth*

N. B. *The Third Rates of* 1200 *Tons or upwards, carry* 520 *Men and* 80 *Guns; and thoſe under,* 440 *Men and* 70 *Guns.*

FOURTH

FOURTH RATES.

Ships Names.	*Tons.*	*Commanders Names.*	*Station or Harbours.*
Advice	714	William Martin	Coaſt of *Spain*
Aſſiſtance	750	George Proctor	Coaſt of *Spain*
Argyle	764		*Woolwich*
St. Alban's	687		*Plymouth*
Antelope	684		*Sheerneſs*
Burlington	680		*Sheerneſs*
Briſtol	704		*Portſmouth*
Canterbury	964	Rt. Hon. Geo. L. Forbes	*Portſmouth*
Chatham	756	Henry Fowkes	Going to *America*
Colcheſter	756		*Chatham*
Cheſter	703		*Chatham*
Centurion	614		*Plymouth*
Deptford	756		*Plymouth*
Dartmouth	712		*Sheerneſs*
Dreadnought	931		*Sheerneſs*
Dunkirk	906	Sir Yelverton Peyton	*Portſmouth*
Dragon	704	Francis Hume	*Portſmouth*
Defiance	949		*Chatham*
Exeter	948		*Plymouth*
Falkland	776		*Portſmouth*
Falmouth	756		Rebuilding at *Woolwich*
Greenwich	756		*Chatham*
Guernſey	706		*Chatham*
Glouceſter	756		*Sheerneſs*
Hampſhire	690		*Portſmouth*
Jerſey	677		*Plymouth*
Kingſton	918	Sam. Braithwait	Coaſt of *Spain*
Lyon	914	Joſeph Lawes	*Weſt Indies*
Leopard	762	Henry Medley	*Weſt Indies*
Litchfield	756		*Plymouth*
Medway	914	Francis Percy	*Fitted for the Weſt Indies*
Mary	914		*Portſmouth*
Montague	920		*Portſmouth*
Nonſuch	687		*Portſmouth*
Newcaſtle	676		*Woolwich*
Norwich	703		*Sheerneſs*
Nottingham	928		*Weſt Indies*
Oxford	768		*Portſmouth*
Portland	772	Alexander Geddes	*Weſt Indies*
Plymouth	954	Robert Mann	Now at *Portſmouth*
Preſton	682	Edward Reddiſh	Coaſt of *Spain*
Pembroke	756		*Plymouth*
Panther	716		*Portſmouth*
Ruby	707		*Portſmouth*
Rocheſter	719		*Portſmouth*
Rupert	930		*Plymouth*
Romney	756		*Woolwich*

Ships Names.	*Tons.*	*Commanders Names.*	*Station or Harbours.*
Rippon	924	John Hubbard	*Weſt Indies*
Superbe	1023	Henry Anneſly	*Weſt Indies*
Strafford	756		
Sunderland	951		*Chatham*
Severn	683		*Chatham*
Swallow	711	Francis Danſays	Coaſt of *Spain*
Salisbury	756		*Portſmouth*
Sutherland	676		*Portſmouth*
Tyger	712	William Davis	*Weſt Indies*
Tilbury	756		*Chatham*
Weymouth	715	Charles Kendall	Coaſt of *Spain*
Woolwich	761		*Chatham*
Windſor	951		Rebuilding at *Deptford*
Worceſter	719		*Portſmouth*
Wincheſter	711		*Plymouth*
Warwick	756		Rebuilding at *Ditto*
York	987		*Plymouth*

N. B. *The Fourth Rates of 900 Tons or upwards, carry 365 Men and 60 Guns; thoſe under, 280 Men and 50 Guns.*

FIFTH RATES.

Angleſea	601	Samuel Chadwick	Fitted for the *Weſt Indies*
Adventure	598	Rt. Hon. R. Ld Muskerry	Now at *Portſmouth*
Charles Galley			
Dolphin	424	Thomas Davis	Going to *the Plantations*
Diamond	595	Charles Cotterell	*Weſt Indies*
Dover	604	Matthew Conſett	*Channel*
Enterprize	531		*Plymouth*
Folkſtone	496		*Woolwich*
Fowy	528		*Portſmouth*
Feverſham	537	John Goodall	*Africa* and *Weſt Indies*
Goſport	530	Daniel Drake	*Channel*
Haſtings	534		*Portſmouth*
Hector	607		*Portſmouth*
Kinſale	607	Ld Vere Beauclerk	Going for *Newfoundland*
Ludlow Caſtle	595	John St. Lo	*Woolwich*
Looe	553	Thomas Waterhouſe	*Channel*
Larke	597	John Gray	*Jamaica*
Launceſton	594		Rebuilding at *Woolwich*
Lynn	554	Francis Cooper	*Barbados*, coming Home
Mary Galley	594	John Yeo	Fitted for the *Weſt Indies*
Mermaid	421		*Deptford*
Pearle	595	Samuel Pitman	Going for *Leeward Iſlands*
Roebuck	595		*Woolwich*
Southampton	636	Edward Brooke	Going to *Jamaica* for a Hulk
Saphire	534	John Smith	*Channel*
South-Sea Caſtle	595	Arthur Delgarno	*Lew. Iſlands*, coming Home
Tartar	420	Vincent Pearce	*Virginia*

N. B. *All the Fifth Rates carry 190 Men and 40 Guns, except the* Dolphin, Mermaid, *and* Tartar, *who carry but 155 Men and 30 Guns.*

SIXTH

SIXTH RATES.

Ships Names.	Tons.	Commanders Names.	Station or Harbours
Aldborough	375	Hercules Baker	Fitted for the *West Indies*
Blandford	375	George Protheroe	Coaſt of *Spain*
Biddeford	375	Covil Mayne	Gone for *Virginia*
Deal Caſtle	375	Samuel Mead	*Channel*
Durſley Galley	371	John Forreſter	Now at *Deptford*
Experiment	375	Henry Reddiſh	*Channel*
Flamborough	375	Thomas Whitney	
Fox	376	Thomas Arnold	*Carolina*, lately gone
Gibraltar	375	John Byng	Coaſt of *Spain*
Greyhound	371	Peter Solgard	*Weſt Indies*
Garland	375	Daniel Morris	Going to the *Plantations*
Lyme	376	Thomas Marwood	Gone for *Ditto*
Loweſtoff	378	Matthew Norris	*Plantations*
Lively	279	William Rowley	*Dublin* and Coaſt of *Ireland*
Phœnix	375	Arthur Jones	*Channel*
Port Mahon	282	Chriſtoph. Pocklington	
Roſe	377	John Weller	
Rye	375	John Edwards	*Plantations*
Scarborough	376	George Anſon	*Virginia*
Shoreham	379	Robert Long	*New York*
Squirrel	375	Henry Osborn	Going for *Newfoundland*
Solebay	272	Thomas Durell	Coaſt of *Spain*, 115 Men, 26 Guns, and 6 Patterero's
Sheerneſs	359	James Cornwall	*Plantations*
Succeſs	279	—	*Portſmouth*
Seaford	375	Perry Mayne	*Channel*
Sea Horſe	375	Ambroſe Saunders	*Ditto*
Winchelſea	415	—	*Sheerneſs*

N. B. *The Sixth Rates carry from 115 to 130 Men each, and 20 Guns.*

FIRE-SHIPS.

Griffin	264	—	*Sheerneſs*
Poole	382	Hon. William Harvey	Coaſt of *Spain*, 55 Men and 8 Guns
Bridgwater	411	—	*Sheerneſs*

BOMB-VESSELS.

Baſiliſk	163	—	To be taken to Pieces at *Deptford*
Thunder	254	—	River
Furnace			

YACHTS.

Bolton	42	—	*Portſmouth*
Charlotte	193	William Bridges	Attends the Navy-Board, 8 G. 25 M.
Carolina	197	John Guy	*Deptford*, 10 Guns and 30 Men
Chatham	60	Batchelor	*Chatham*, 6 Men
Drake	68	—	*Plymouth*
Dublin	148	Henry Lawſon	Attending L. Lt. of *Irel.* 12 G. 40 M.
Fubbs	151	William Collier	*Deptford*, 8 Guns and 30 Men
Katherine	161	George Pomeroy	*Ditto*, 8 Guns and 25 Men
Mary	151	Charles Molloy	Lately launched at *Deptford*
Portſmouth	50	—	*Portſmouth*, 5 Men
William and Mary		Timothy Brett	*Deptford*
Portſm. Hoſpital Ship	532	—	*Ditto*

SLOOPS.

Bonetta	66	—	Channel 8 Guns 40 Men
Cruizer	100	Thomas Billop	*Ditto* 50 Men, and 6 4 Pounders
Drake	176	Joſeph Lingen	*Ditto* 14 Guns 60 Men

Ships Names.	Tons.	Commanders Names.	Station or Harbour.
Ferrett	67	Smith	Ditto 8 Guns 40 Men
Happy	114	Douglas	Portsmouth, 60 Men
Hawke	100		Ditto 50 Men 6 Guns
Otter	91		Channel, 8 Guns 45 Men
Swift	92		Ditto 8 Guns 45 Men
Sharke	124	George Sclater	Carolina, 14 Guns 100 Men
Spy	103	Thomas Bradley	Channel, 8 Guns 45 Men
Spence	114		West-Indies, 10 G. 4 Swivels 100 M.
Tryal	142	John Gascoigne	Ditto 14 Guns 100 Men
Weazle	102	Henry Robinson	Channel, 6 Gnns 45 Men
Storeship, Succes	547	John Trevor	Gibraltar, 20 Guns 90 Men

HOYS.

Forrester	125		Portsmouth
Heyling	117		
Lyon	108	Henry Perry	Deptford
Mary	38		Plymouth
Navy Transport	107	Richard Burrel	Deptford
Plymouth Transport	109	Benjamin Clarke	Plymouth
Supply	122	Thomas Lawson	Chatham
Sheerness Water-Boat	94		Sheerness
True Love	76		
Old True-Love	58		Portsmouth
Unity	130		
Woolwich Transport	65	Richard Bristow	Woolwich
Smack Mary			
Smack Royal-Escape	39		Deptford
Sheerness *Long.boat*	28		Sheerness

HULKS.

Names.	Tons.	Station.	Names.	Tons.	Station.
Buckingham	1065	Deptford	Plymouth	556	Plymouth
Berwick	1090	Sheerness	Somerset	1262	Woolwich
Chatham	714	Portsmouth	Sunderland	915	Chatham
Gloucester	896	Chatham	Thunderbolt Prize	530	Plymouth

TOTAL.

First Rates	7	Fireships and Bomb-Vessels	6
Second Rates	12	Yachts, *&c.*	12
Third Rates	39	Sloops, *&c.*	14
Fourth Rates	64	Hoys, *&c.*	15
Fifth Rates	27	Hulks	8
Sixth Rates	27		55
	177		

This glorious Prospect of our NAVAL STRENGTH, *as it were at one View, must so warm the Heart of a true Lover of his Country's Glory, that he cannot avoid rejoicing, with the admirable* WALLER, *in the following incomparable Lines; which may, with great Propriety, be addres'd to His Most Sacred Majesty, on the present Situation of Affairs in* Europe.

THE Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Vessel of your Fleet:
Your Power extends as far as Winds can blow,
Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.

Whether this Portion of the World were rent
By the rude Ocean from the Continent,
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred Refuge of Mankind.

Lords of the World's great Waste, the Ocean, we
Whole Forests send to reign upon the Sea;
And ev'ry Coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us, without Your Leave.

Angel and We have this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seats arrive;
While we descend at Pleasure, to invade
The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good to aid.

FINIS.

2